

LIGHT AND SHADOWS.

BY JOHN WEST.

Hail Light! Effulgent light of day,
Welcome the radiant morning beam,
Revesting in white the rising spray,
That cloud like soars o'er the dashing stream,
The rainbow tints of the storm scourged sea
Are but reflections, O. Light, of Thee.

The crimson blush of the youthful face,
Or the pallid brow when blanched with care,
Reflect but the hues that hold a place
In light, or shadows, and ever wear
The real semblance of nature's guise,
That blends in its vestments nameless dyes.

Light gilds with beauty the bellflower's cup,
And shadows blending with morning light,
The diamond dewdrops waking up,
That trembling gather, then sparkle bright
In the hly's bell, while aslant the ray
Of the sunbeam, falls thro' the summer day.

'Twas light that entranced our morning life,
Enchantment giving to all below,
Ere shadows dark that enkindle strife,
Foretold of the joys of earth, that flow
From the Source of Light; that deepning shade
Would estrange the harmony portrayed.

Aurora in golden chariot drawn—
In crimson and purple shades are seen
Her latticed curtains, to rest has gone
Adown the west, in its silvery sheen,
Where the sinking sun bright waters meet
To their wild alcoves—her safe retreat.

And stars—the gems of the azure sky,
Their splendors owe to the light and shades;
The pearl, and the shining shells that lie
In the deep green sea, and bright—
Of coral, would lose lights matchless play,
If burnished not by the solar ray.

There's a peerless light in life obtains,
That wanders unseen—in silence moves,
When unveiled no umbrage there remains,
Nor flattery that the heart approves,
A ray from the purer realms above—
A welcome light—'tis the Light of Love.

arcades